Eiet of 1803,

Eally, Parity, Io...

Issue № 172: The Lobster's Vest Pocket Watch Just Coughed Up Your Subconscious.

(With answers in a separate pamphlet)

Fowl Feathered Review is a quarterly, a disordered artifact of the human impulse to categorize and consume the ephemeral. Produced by the Springwound Mammoth Pancake Coalition—an entity distinct from its waffle-centric counterpart—it is birthed under the Fowlpox Press imprint. Virgil Kay, its editor, presides over this enterprise from a paper canoe adrift on the Passagassawakeag, a river of dubious depth and even more dubious inhabitants. Surrounded by featherheads and their aquatic card games, Kay's reign is absolute, his word the final arbiter in the transformation of boastful souls into doormats. Layout and visual conceits are the province of Cookie Granola, while melodrama and histrionics fall under the purview of Childe Harold. Silent Bill, in his characteristically taciturn manner, provides necessary pauses. The review's structural integrity, or lack thereof, is the domain of Unkie Bob, whose talents extend to the mitigation of typographical errors and the prevention of electrical conflagrations. Everett Enótita serves as Kay's indispensable amanuensis, and the Ecum Secum Literary Brain Trust, in a gesture of dubious beneficence, offers nominal financial support. Printed upon the verdant expanse of Bald Porcupine Island, and laced with the enigmatic Kraa, a bioengineered culinary enigma, the Fowl Feathered Review remains a testament to human ingenuity, or perhaps merely a symptom of cultural decline. ISSN: 1929-7238.

"I am an observer of life, a non-participant who takes no sides. I am in the regimented society, but not of it."

--Moondog, The Viking of 6th Avenue

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If this magazine does not meet your expectations, please return it to us in its original condition for a full refund, minus the cost of enlightenment.

Submissions

Fowlpox Press: A Submission Guide for the Determined (or Deluded) To the Aspiring Artist (or Sandwich Enthusiast):

1. **Craft** (or **Culinary Construct**): 2-227 poems, a numerical range that hints at both ambition and a troubling lack of self-editing, may find their way to our digital doorstep (fowlpoxpress@mail2poet.com). Alternatively, for the visually inclined, paintings numbered 2-953 (a prolific career, or perhaps a basement overflowing with forgotten canvases?) are welcome. We are also, inexplicably, open to submissions of twelve-inch sandwiches.
2. **The Gatekeeper:** Address your offerings to Virgil Kay, Editor. In posession of remarkably discerning taste, or so he believes, Virgil is a rooster of some renown, a creature of instinct and inexplicable confidence. His title, “China Wok Habitue,” suggests a broader palate than one might expect from a bird, though it’s more likely a testament to the local takeout joint’s generous portions. (**Please note:** Include a bio, a desperate plea for recognition that will likely join the unread masses in the digital purgatory of our slush pile.)
3. **Format:** Poems, those valiant attempts at capturing the human experience in meter and rhyme, should be attached in a Word document or PDF. Paintings, windows into your soul (or a weekend spent with Bob Ross reruns), must be submitted in JPEG, TIFF, or a format our aging technology can comprehend. Jokes, if they exist, should be delivered in MP3 format. We are, alas, not equipped to handle the nuanced art of the live performance. Sandwiches, a curious offering in the realm of artistic expression, require clear plastic wrapping and a small packet of Kewpie Mayonnaise. (**Pro-tip:** The Kewpie packaging is, undeniably, a work of art in its own right, and we encourage you to admire it before consumption.)
4. **The Cycle Continues:** We exist in a perpetual state of acceptance and rejection. A Sisyphean task, some might say. We receive submissions 365 days a year, a testament to the relentless hope, or perhaps blissful ignorance, of aspiring artists. However, with a heavy heart (and a full crop), we must inform you that rejections also occur 365 days a year.
5. **The Sandwiches:** Ah, the sandwiches. These, unlike your artistic endeavors, find a permanent home within our editorial sanctum. Virgil, in his infinite wisdom, has determined that a diet rich in carbohydrates is essential for maintaining his regal demeanor.
6. **Leap Year Follies:** Leap years, those extra days gifted by the whims of the calendar, offer no reprieve. Aspiring poets, it seems, are undeterred by such temporal anomalies. You are, however, cordially invited to "take a flying leap" during these additional 24 hours.

Please proceed with caution. Artistic aspirations are a delicate dance, and the path to publication is littered with the fallen hopes of countless dreamers. But hey, maybe your sandwich is killer. Just remember, Kewpie or bust.

Fowl Feathered Review | Poets & Writers (pw.org)

"Non ignora mali, miseris succurrere disco."

— Virgil, The Aeneid

…ская, К. Кобелевъ и Л. Шолларъ изъ балета «Петрушка».
(Уличная танцовщица, Шарманщикъ и Цыганка).

Фот. А. Беръ, въ Парижѣ.

Tickets to Nowhere

By Ignacja Bożena Marietta Celina Ziemniak

The Misplaced Artifact

Seed Elements: A forgotten bus ticket, a broken umbrella, a glistening glove; a transportation hub, punctuated by a storm's wild tangent, a "lost connection" that fractures not only time, but also purpose.

Story 1: The Artifact

The bus ticket, yellowed with a whispered history, lay in the gutter, ignored by those hurried of foot. Around it, an endless whirring, the static symphony of human bustle—the clatter of shoes, the drone of announcements, the flicker of neon signs burning their messages into the wet pavement like revelations from a fragmented divine text. The man with the broken umbrella stumbled upon it, eyes gleaming with a hunger for the unnoticed. His fingers brushed the ticket, not unlike a scholar reaching for an old manuscript forgotten in the library's deepest, dustiest corner. The umbrella, a mocking symbol of his vain attempts to shield himself from a storm that never ceased, drooped like an Etruscan relic, its skeleton pierced by the brutal wind. It was here—the nexus, the rupture in perception—that the first door opened.

"A ticket to nowhere," he murmured, as if speaking to an invisible interlocutor. The wind howled, words suspended in the thick air, heavy with the scent of impending rain and old arguments. The man's face—his stiff, calculated gaze—split with the force of an epiphany. He had misplaced himself in time, that much was certain. The ticket had become more than just paper—it was an instrument of severance, a severing of connections both real and imagined.

Lost Connections

The streetcar drags its wheels,
Where are you, needle, thread,
You stitch the storms into slow motion
Of broken windows, cloudy panes,
Passengers in plastic coats
Stitching their souls together,
A fever dream of lost fragments–
Who are you now?

Who were you before the shift in weather,
The wetness descending like a thousand disconnected thoughts,
Old connections unravel in a forgotten gutter.

Story 2: The Sentient Hub

Here, the transportation hub becomes more than just an inert mass of cement and steel; it is the memory of the city, it is the pulse, the vertiginous beat of humanity's unrelenting movement toward nowhere in particular. The bus ticket, long lost in the tangle of human detritus, pulses with a strange energy. A metaphor, perhaps, or something more visceral. It is the hub that calls the shots, guiding every passenger's journey through time and space, spinning them into alternate realities.

"Ah, the hub," the old woman at the kiosk crooned, wiping the perspiration from her brow with a handkerchief embroidered with impossible designs. "The hub knows who you are, what you need. All you need is to ask." Her eyes gleamed, unblinking. The rain outside was beginning to fall, a thin veil of mist shrouding the glass walls.

The man, umbrella forgotten, stood before her. His ticket was gone, but somehow, still there—it had merged with the very fabric of the place. It clung to his fingers, unwilling

to be shaken off. The hub, a gargantuan organism of steel and wire, vibrated like a tuning fork, whispering unspoken secrets. A hissing sound, like an alien language, emanated from the overhead speaker, garbled yet clear: “The connections are lost... but not forgotten. Not yet.”

The Amorphous Landscape

Seed Elements: A desert, the sun’s ruthless grip; discarded technology—an ancient, shattered screen; a sudden sensory overload, the shifting sands of time bending in tandem with human memory.

Story 1: Synesthetic Distortions

The land was dry, cracked—a frozen history, like a manuscript left to rot in the sun. The air itself tasted of iron, and the wind carried the faint hum of what was once a bustling world, before the machines fell silent. Amid the blisters of sand, the discarded screen, now a relic of forgotten brilliance, lay. A misfit, a specter of a civilization past. The man approached it—a decision made in the margin of his fragmented mind, where time no longer had weight. The screen flickered once, then exploded into a kaleidoscope of sensory overdrive. The horizon bent in response, trees growing out of dunes, rivers stretching across the sky. A desert of the mind, a cacophony of synthetic dreams and fleshly memories.

What had been a barren wasteland was now alive, electric. The man, his feet sinking into the sand, his vision tinged with strange hues, began to question the very nature of this place. Was this real? Or had he simply fallen into some mechanism—a loop, a convergence of technologies gone awry, a feverish remnant of human attempts to recreate reality? The screen, once inert, now spoke.

"Look closer," it whispered, its pixels bleeding into the sky, "the past does not disappear. It remembers you."

The man stumbled back, as the horizon collapsed in on itself. The desert, like a fever dream, now pulsed with the rhythm of memory, both his and theirs.

Environmental Memory

The winds carry stories of lost futures–
Cracked screens flicker, once bright
Now dull,
The desert remembers,
It remembers each footstep,
Each breath, each grain of sand falling.
The light bends around the fractured horizon–
A world unmoved,
A world rewriting itself in ghostly scribbles.
Your feet sink into history.
What is left?
What is left to hold when time is nothing more
Than the sand in your hand?

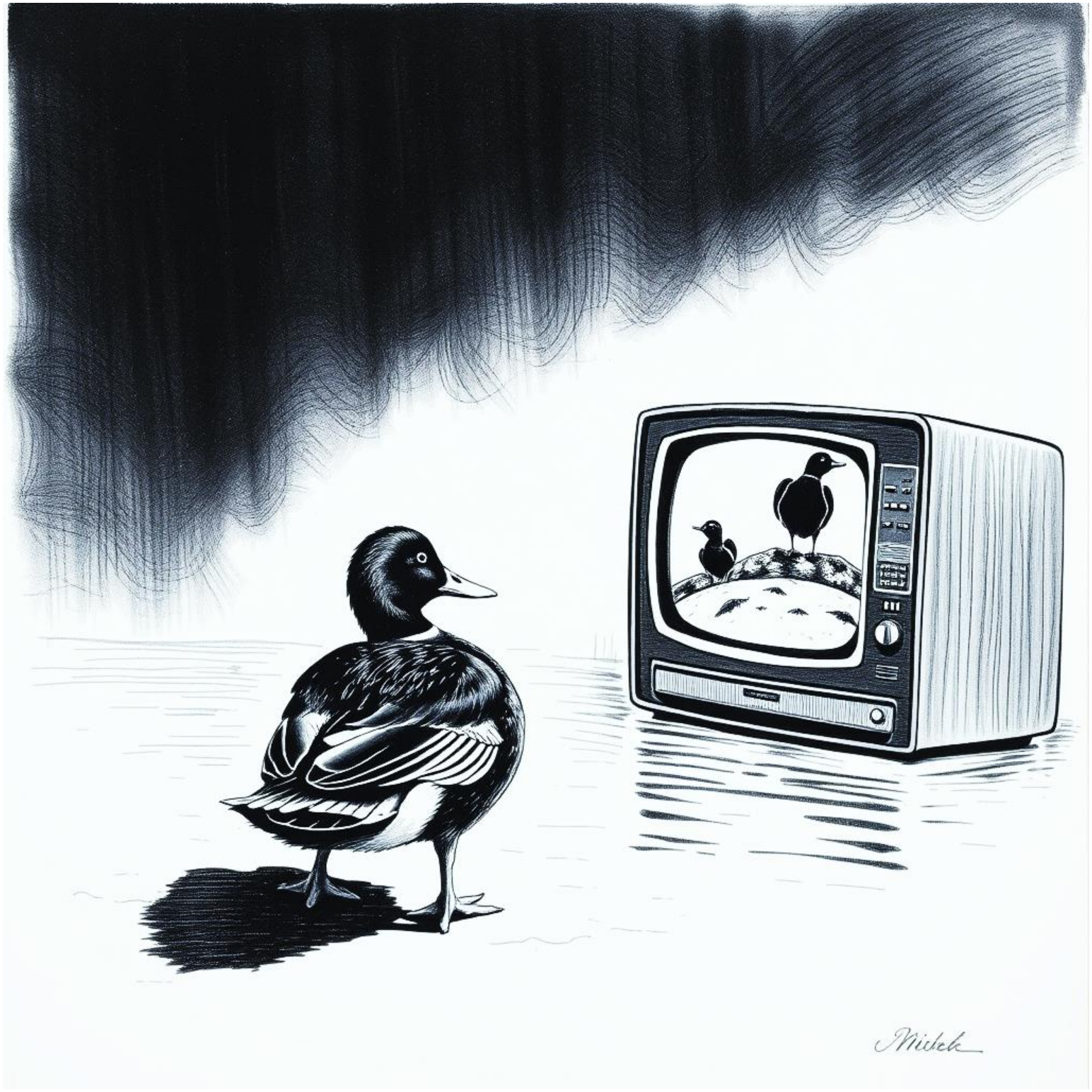
The Sentient Landscape

The landscape itself changed, slowly and imperceptibly, like an ancient organism awakening. The discarded screen, with its cracked pixels, imbibed the soul of the desert, molding it into something unrecognizable. The trees, once mere silhouettes against the pale sky, grew limbs that reached out toward the traveler, coaxing him forward, further into the maze of his own psyche. His senses were dulled and heightened simultaneously, the world now a chaotic, disjointed narrative.

The landscape hummed with the quiet power of forgotten machinery. A robot, malfunctioning, lay discarded in the sand, its limbs twitching erratically. It had once been something—a tool, a servant, and now it had become an appendage of the desert, an extension of the land's memory. Its blinking lights—signals of a past life—were all that remained of its function.

The man could hear it, the robot's voice, as if it spoke with the voice of the earth itself. "We are all forgotten," it whispered, "and yet, we never leave."
The desert, vast and unknowable, consumed the traveler. He was now a part of it, a fleeting echo of humanity lost to time.

The two fragments, neither beginning nor ending—an alchemical transformation of space, time, and memory—converge into the inescapable fact: nothing is ever truly lost. Just misplaced. And in that misplacement, perhaps lies the truest form of remembering.



Out to (G)lunch

By Knox Gruber

The hypodermic shimmer, a promise of oblivion varnished with pharmaceutical sheen, pooled in the glass cylinder. Mallards, iridescent bibs catching the toxic blue paint of the observation chamber, shuffled on the unforgiving tile, their small avian hearts still burdened by the psychic residue of televised disappointment. Their splayed digits whispered anxieties only linoleum could truly comprehend, anxieties exacerbated by the indelible stain of that final, unforgivable Seinfeld.

A premonition of crumpled spacetime, like a child's attempt at avian origami collapsing under the weight of expectation. Was the authentic tremor located in the fractured utterance, the dislocated signifier, or in the precise titration of somnolence for feathered beings, a palliative against the existential dread induced by a narrative conclusion so profoundly unsatisfying? The accumulated weight of might-have-beens, a pressure system of spectral choices – should Jerry have ended up with Elaine? What was the point of Newman? – saturated the afternoon's languid air.

"The architecture," a murmur directed at the vitreous plane reflecting his own haunted topography, "resides perhaps in the interstitial hum, the static hiss between broadcast signals, the very fabric rent by the sheer audacity of that Parisian incarceration." His interiority, a flaming car wreck of anxieties and lukewarm regrets, resembled less a cartographic certainty and more an explosion in a coffee-stained surgical supply closet, each shard a memory of George's mendacity, Kramer's improbable schemes, Elaine's exasperation – all culminating in that narrative cul-de-sac.

The viscous fluid found its mark. The ducks, eyes like polished obsidian marbles, received the intrusion with a mute wisdom, the knowing silence of marginalia forever unread, their tiny consciousnesses struggling to reconcile the promise of nine seasons with that final, baffling descent into moralizing absurdity. On the screen, the flickering cathode-ray tube exhaled images of human folly, a quartet trapped in narrative cul-de-sac, a self-inflicted wound upon the very notion of a "show about nothing." Wing

twitches, a semaphore of the soul's unease, a visceral reaction to the injustice visited upon characters they had, in their own avian way, come to know. An apparent, perhaps imagined, flicker of recognition during a particularly self-referential jest, a momentary flicker of the old magic before the crushing weight of the finale reasserted itself. A glassy detachment, the comedic premise dissolving into a primordial indifference, a feathered shrug in the face of narrative betrayal.

"It was the soup Nazi all over again," quacked Subject A3, his voice surprisingly resonant, "but this time, there was no soup, only the bitter taste of... what was the point?"

Subject B7, preening a stray feather, offered, "Perhaps the meta-commentary, Doctor. The deconstruction of the very sitcom form. The ultimate punchline being the absence of a punchline."

"Nonsense," came the flat pronouncement from Subject D2, his teal eyes fixed on some unseen point beyond the screen. "It was simply... bad. A betrayal of all that had come before."

The vacuum left by laughter's absence possessed a tangible density, a low-pressure system capable of inducing minor contusions even on plumaged sensibilities. The sheer effrontery of a program predicated on absence, on the void where meaning should reside, striking the avian consciousness as a particularly baroque cruelty, compounded by the anticlimactic imprisonment.

Then came the incident of the airborne interloper. A feathered specter at the pane, its gaze, so Glunch believed, a testament to acute visceral distress, perhaps a fellow sufferer traumatized by the same broadcast. The dizzying array of potential interventions, a combinatorial explosion of remedies – sedatives, anti-depressants, perhaps a carefully curated selection of early Seinfeld episodes – felt like a frontal assault on the very notion of volition. Simplicity, then: chalk dust compressed into a tablet, a desperate attempt to soothe a shared psychic wound.

“Affection,” he later surmised, the echo of official disapproval still ringing in his ears, a cacophony of “malpractice” and “avian endangerment,” “a labyrinth of gestural misinterpretations across species-specific semiotic fields, further complicated by the shared trauma of that final episode.” The governing body for medical practice disagreed, their pronouncements arriving in the stale, sugary form of discarded pastries, each crumb a testament to their utter lack of empathy for the existential plight of waterfowl subjected to substandard television.

His nocturnal landscapes now unfolded like dense academic prose concerning the mating rituals of unemployed healers, each footnote a reference to a half-remembered gag from seasons past. Attempts at self-justification fragmented into gnomic pronouncements, surrealist directives scribbled on prescription pads, diagnoses of “narrative fatigue” and “existential ennui, avian strain.”

“They talked about nothing,” a mallard had confided during a particularly lucid pentothal session, “and in the end... they still talked about nothing. But with handcuffs.”

Perhaps the key to this unraveling lay not in feathered anatomies but in the meticulous folding of parchment, the transformation of a diploma into a paper crane of contrition, a silent apology to a world where ducks were forced to confront the banality of human entertainment.

The cartography of Maine unfurled as the vehicle propelled him northward, away from judgment’s shadow. Abruptly, the linearity dissolved into a multiplicity of coded pronouncements, each a dissenting voice arguing the ethics of imposed entertainment on creatures whose natural domain knew no laugh track, no studio audience to validate the hollow pronouncements of Jerry and his cohorts.

The suspended animation of awaiting absolution felt like an excerpt from an endlessly protracted, syntactically unbound medical instruction, a prescription for a cure that did not exist, a balm for a wound inflicted by the very medium intended to provide solace. One might posit that the ultimate act of defiance in this over-medicated epoch is simply to observe a duck without projecting onto its consciousness the flickering shadows of

televised banality, without wondering if it, too, felt the sting of that final, disappointing scene.

To truly apprehend the ineffable, Glunch reasoned, one must first navigate the swampy terrain of a lukewarm professional trajectory dissolving into the corrosive bath of public scorn, a scorn amplified by the widespread outrage over the "Duck Finale Debacle." The sheer volume of unspoken diagnoses swirling within his skull possessed the potential, if properly channeled, to illuminate a small New England municipality where perhaps the key to redemption vibrated within the diacritical mark above a Scandinavian vocalist's veterinary emporium, a place where ducks were treated not as subjects for bizarre experiments in narrative reception, but as beings deserving of peace and quiet, far from the insidious influence of late-twentieth-century sitcoms.

The cosmos, he concluded as the state line blurred, was less a grand, coherent narrative and more a series of overlapping directives, each referencing a nonexistent cure, inscribed in a language yet to be deciphered, residing just beyond the reach of officially sanctioned expertise, a language perhaps spoken in the mournful quacks of ducks who had witnessed the ultimate show about nothing conclude in the most meaningless way imaginable.

EXTRA! EXTRA! TURKEY TYCOON TERRORIZES TRI-STATE! LOCAL YOKEL'S SHOCKING SECRET REVEALED!

By Suzanne Kulick

(A Noh-Inspired Prologue: The Mask of Mel)

Hanamichi whispers of pine needles and damp earth. A figure emerges, shite cloaked in the roughspun disguise of eighty years. Mel, the lumberjack phantom, a mask worn thin by the Maine wind. Waki, the unseen audience, the spectral pines bearing witness. A confession, not spoken aloud, but etched in the slow drag of a boot heel on the cabin porch. Patrick, the discarded name, a ghost haunting the borrowed flesh. The jo-ha-kyu of his exile: the slow unraveling of a former life, the accelerating descent into the woods, the sudden, jarring encounter with the sentient fowl.

(Act One: The Feathered Oracle)

Scene 1: Nightfall, Winterport Cabin

The kerosene lamp cast a jaundiced glow on the dog-eared sociology texts. Patrick, alias Mel, poured lukewarm coffee, the dregs mirroring the sediment of his discontent. A rustle at the door. General, his iridescent plumage catching the weak light, strutted in with the arrogant gait of a seasoned gambler.

GENERAL: (A low gobble, inflected with the weary cynicism of a chain smoker) Another night, another descent into the labyrinth of Durkheim? The collective consciousness ain't gonna pull that trigger for you, pal.

PATRICK (MEL): (Voice raspy, a practiced imitation of age) Don't start, General. Just spin the cylinder. Tonight, the weight of "Social Integration and Anomie" feels particularly... terminal.

The click of the cylinder, a tiny apocalypse in the cramped cabin. The metallic tang of fear hung in the air, thicker than woodsmoke.

GENERAL: You ever think, Mel... or Patrick... whatever fractured self you're peddling tonight... that maybe this whole sociology racket is just another form of Russian roulette? Pointing theories at the messy, unpredictable temple of human existence?

PATRICK (MEL): (A dry chuckle) Maybe you're the real sociologist, General. Observing the absurd rituals of a species determined to categorize its own chaos. Your turn.

The hammer fell on an empty chamber. A shared exhalation, brief and brittle.

Scene 11: The Plaid Enigma

The clang of a tuning fork, a precise vibration cutting through the stillness of Winterport. Jade, a towering presence in a faded plaid shirt, her nearsighted gaze somehow piercing through Mel's façade.

JADE: (Voice a low, melodic hum) That Steinway's got a ghost in its low register. Needs coaxing. You been out here long, Mel? You got that look... like you're hiding from a bad chord.

PATRICK (MEL): (Shifting uncomfortably) Just... enjoying the quiet. The trees don't ask too many questions.

JADE: But people do. Especially the ones who can lift their narcoleptic father without breaking a sweat. What's your story, old man? It ain't etched in those wrinkles.

(Act Two: The Medicine Man and the Great Hat Heist)

Scene 1: Whispers In the Pines

The medicine man's eyes, ancient and knowing, scanned Patrick's aura. The air smelled of woodsmoke and dried herbs. Jade translated his low murmur.

JADE: He says the darkness inside you... it's got a red hue. Artificial. And a jittery pulse. He wants you to stop drinking the... what did you call it? The... "bean juice"? And anything... crimson.

PATRICK (MEL): (Scoffs) Red Dye #40? What's that got to do with...

JADE: Just try it, Patrick. Mel. Whoever you are under that itchy wool.

Scene 11: The Antique Emporium Incident

The headline in the Winterport Weekly Howler: "FEATHERED FIEND FLEECES FORNITURE FANATIC!" The grainy photograph showed a blur of feathers near a shattered display case.

GENERAL (V.O., a mental screech reaching Patrick): (The manic energy of a shoplifter on amphetamines) The millinery, Mel! The chapeau claque! Its collapsible elegance... a portal!

Patrick's gun was gone. The collapsible top hat, a ridiculous anachronism, vanished from Mrs. Higgins' dusty emporium.

(Act Three: The Vanishing and the Postcard)

Scene I: The Quiet Union

The vows, whispered under the rustling canopy, a fragile bridge between a fabricated past and an uncertain future. Jade's hand, strong and sure, clasped Patrick's. Mel was a ghost story told by the wind.

JADE: (Her nearsighted eyes brimming with affection) I don't care who you were, Patrick. Just be who you are now.

PATRICK: (The lumberjack's gruffness finally cracking) I... I think I can.

Scene II: The Letter from the Liminal

The scent of ink and urban grime clung to the postcard. The blurry image of General, a feathered dandy perched on a fire escape, the city's cacophony a distant roar.

JADE: (Reading aloud, a mixture of disbelief and amusement) "Greetings from the concrete jungle, comrade. The semiotics here are... intoxicating. Agents are circling. Expect a bidding war for 'Confessions of a Gambling Goose.' Tell the old woodchuck that the existential angst plays differently on Broadway. Regards, G."

A beat of silence. Then, Jade laughed, a clear, resonant sound that echoed through the quiet office, a sound that spoke of a future unwritten, a narrative forever changed by a paraprofessional, a piano tuner's daughter, and a literary turkey with a penchant for collapsible headwear.

Cotton Candy Cartouche

By Tibbs Caldwell

**The bus, a metal lung exhaling dancers,
bruised petals in a civic room.
1970. San Francisco. Dine's touch.**

**They are there, legs remembering impact,
a choreography interrupted, now this.
A revival conjured, Nijinska's gesture
in the strained muscle, the hesitant extension.**

**Cotton candy, not spun sugar for delight,
but barricades, sticky membranes,
a pink haze the body must push through.
Multiple veils, a saccharine obscuring,
making effort visible, the tremor of recovery.**

**Rabbits bleating from a hidden speaker,
field recordings snagged from some wild.
Gamelan chimes beneath, a bronze shimmer
uneasy with the twitching of prey.**

**Through the sugary scrim, they move.
A leg lifted, a turn begun, stalled
in the yielding floss. Each gesture
a testament, a struggle against the sweet
and clinging, against the body's own memory
of sudden stop.**

Nijinska flickers at the edge of vision,
a phantom limb in the dancer's reach.
The rabbits' fear, the gamelan's calm—
a score for this awkward resurrection,
this sweet entanglement, this
happening.

The Unspooling of Emu: A Tapeworm of the Mind

By Hollo Caglia

Emu, custodian of the deceased Judy Garland diptych (USA, 39¢, 2006), a cancelled kiss pressed flat against the worn topography of his plaid work jacket, a silent valentine to a transaction that never quite consummated, a phantom postage of yearning, returned from the midday mastication of a Hannaford tuna melt to the antiseptic thrum of Athens Solutions, a digital citadel where currency pirouetted in the silicon ballet of payment processing. He was a cog in this fiscal machinery, a human hyphen in the endless sentence of commerce, meticulously extricating the anxieties and affirmations scrawled on flimsy remittance slips, missives dispatched from the far-flung provinces of American expenditure. Sixteen Waco trays, each a temporary reliquary for the day's monetary mortality, succumbed to his methodical ministrations, a routine as dependable as the lunar cycle. The metallic clink of the time clock, a brief percussive interlude in the day's long symphony of data entry, granted him egress. Coat donned, a familiar gravitational pull on his shoulders, the homeward trek to Bucksport commenced, the asphalt ribbon unspooling beneath the weary tires of his Subaru, each rotation a testament to the growing chasm between the fluorescent purgatory of the plant and the comforting chaos of his domestic sphere.

The spectral afterimages of the Colonial Theater in Belfast flickered behind his eyelids, a cinematic palimpsest of the prior evening. Maeve, her laughter a bright, unexpected chord in the dimly lit auditorium, had discovered some inexplicable charm in Sylvester Stallone's improbable comedic turn. Emu, however, had merely cataloged the film's bizarre trajectory, a narrative Möbius strip defying the very principles of logic and cinematic coherence, a stark reminder of the bewildering artistic choices emanating from the Hollywood dreamscape. Now, the substantial presence of David Bowman's Big Bang occupied the passenger seat, a posthumous utterance from a consciousness that had once crackled with a singular, almost dangerous brilliance. Page 133 lay open, a textual terrain both familiar and alien, a landscape charted by a navigator who had long since embarked on his final voyage.

Jonathan Lethem's introductory remarks echoed in the chambers of his mind, a prolegomenon to the main event, a hushed anecdote concerning the countless cassette tapes, those aural artifacts of Bowman's restless intellect, brimming with recorded rants that veered wildly between the profound and the profane, the ecstatic and the enraged, the utterly, gloriously unhinged. These sonic dispatches from the interior, Lethem had suggested, possessed a peculiar gravitational pull, a raw, untamed energy that rivaled the very novel they prefaced. Big Bang, Emu mused, did indeed bear the faint scent of Pynchon, that grand architect of paranoia and possibility, yet it felt somehow lighter, less burdened by the sheer weight of its own erudition, a Pynchonian echo chamber devoid of the booming pronouncements, more a whisper in the labyrinthine corridors of the mind.

Within Emu resided a persistent internal hum, a discordant chorus of insistent voices that, when the pharmacological bulwark faltered, erupted into specific and often absurd demands: Construct tacos. Distribute sustenance to the impoverished. Fashion more tacos. The needy remain unfed. Bangor had once served as the stage for this peculiar culinary crusade, a well-intentioned yet ultimately unwelcome intervention in the lives of the city's less fortunate, who, with the stark pragmatism born of genuine need, had advised him, in no uncertain terms, to desist. The fragile bloom of confidence within him, nurtured by Maeve's gentle presence and the recent, undeniably welcome increment in his hourly wage, felt precarious, a delicate ecosystem perpetually threatened by the looming possibility of internal seismic shifts.

He sought refuge and intellectual sustenance in the shadowy recesses of cultural detritus, amassing bootleg Dylan concerts, each crackle and hiss a testament to its clandestine origins, and private recordings exhumed from the estates of literary leviathans: Hemingway's terse pronouncements, Mailer's pugilistic pronouncements, Ginsberg's ecstatic ululations. These were not mere commodities for market exchange; they were the raw materials for his own peculiar alchemy. Podcasts materialized from these sonic fragments, a late-night broadcast on WMEB crackled with their spectral resonance, articles and embryonic book manuscripts grappled with their lingering echoes. The Internet Archive became the digital necropolis and public forum for these disembodied voices.

The subtle erosion of his carefully constructed equilibrium began insidiously, a gradual loosening of the tethers, a slow, almost imperceptible drift from the safe harbor of his prescribed medications. The internal voices, once muted murmurs, began to amplify, their insistent culinary directives growing more strident, more urgent. The tacos, the poor, the imperative of immediate succor – the internal din intensified. The narrative, like a dream suddenly fractured, lurched forward, a jarring, disorienting leap across both time and space. Pomona College materialized, a sun-drenched Californian Eden abruptly invaded by the incongruous figure of Emu, a denizen of New England's muted palette transplanted onto a manicured lawn, attired in Spiderman Underoos and a Mickey Mouse hat, laboriously pushing a wheelbarrow brimming with the anachronistic gleam of $5,000 in Eisenhower silver dollars, a bizarre ransom offered for the spectral whispers captured on Lethem's tapes, the very tapes that had once carried the resonant timbre of Bowman's singular consciousness.

The lens now focuses on the stark reality of the Northern Light psychiatric ward in Bangor, the sterile fluorescence a pale imitation of the California sun's golden embrace. Six months have elapsed, a protracted period of observation and recalibration, of hushed consultations and the slow, deliberate reintroduction of the chemical balancers. The promise, a fragile butterfly pinned to the sterile wall of hope, lingers in the air: the tapes. Lethem, it transpired, had been contacted, the peculiar transaction tentatively agreed upon. Soon, Emu would be released, carrying not the clinking weight of silver dollars but the anticipated burden of Bowman's disembodied voice, a new and unpredictable chapter unfolding in the singular and unsettling narrative of his existence.

The air in the visiting room hung thick with the unspoken anxieties of reunion. Maeve sat across the small, institutional table, her gaze a mixture of concern and a familiar, unwavering affection. Emu, scrubbed clean and dressed in clothes that felt vaguely foreign, fidgeted with the frayed edge of his visitor's pass.

"So," Maeve began, her voice soft, testing the waters. "They say you're... better."

Emu shrugged, a small, almost imperceptible movement. “Define ‘better’.” His voice was flat, devoid of the usual undercurrent of nervous energy. “The voices have... quieted. Like a radio station fading out of range. Static remains.”

“No more... taco imperatives?”

A ghost of a smile touched his lips. “The tacos have been... decommissioned. The poor, apparently, are managing without my unsolicited culinary interventions.”

“Good.” Maeve reached across the table, her hand covering his. Her touch was warm, grounding. “That’s... really good, Emu.”

A nurse cleared her throat discreetly from the doorway. Visiting hours were nearing their end.

“Lethem,” Emu said suddenly, his eyes gaining a flicker of their old intensity. “Did he...?”

Maeve nodded. “He sent them. A package arrived yesterday. Registered mail. I have them at the apartment.”

A long silence stretched between them, filled only with the sterile hum of the fluorescent lights.

“What are they like?” Emu finally asked, his voice barely a whisper.

Maeve hesitated. “They’re... intense. A lot of... ranting. Philosophical detours. Recipes for things that sound vaguely illegal. He talks about you, actually. In one of them.”

Emu’s brow furrowed. “Me?”

“He mentions a guy in Bangor who kept sending him tapes of whale songs and demanding his autograph. Said he had a ‘beautifully fractured mind’.”

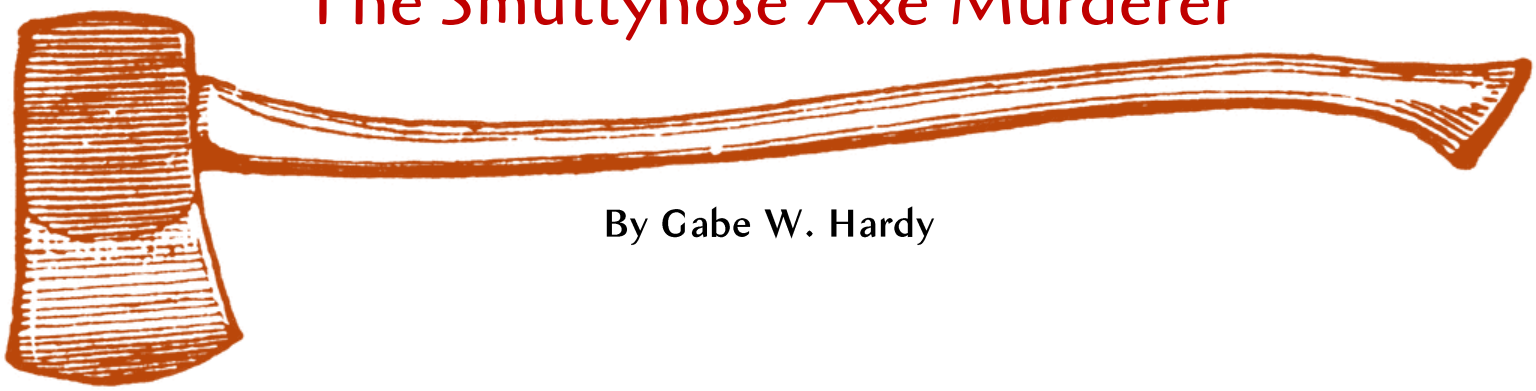
A strange, almost wistful smile touched Emu's lips. "Whale songs. Right. That was... a phase."

The nurse cleared her throat again, more pointedly this time.

"I should go," Maeve said, squeezing his hand. "But the tapes are waiting. We can listen... together."

Emu nodded, a sense of something akin to anticipation stirring within him, a fragile tendril of curiosity reaching out into the uncertain landscape of his recovery. The voices were quieter, but another voice, Bowman's disembodied echo, was poised to fill the silence. The unspooling of Emu's mind, it seemed, was far from over.

The Smuttynose Axe Murderer



By Gabe W. Hardy

The salt-laced wind, a veritable frisson of premonition, whipped across the granite-toothed shores of Smuttynose Island in that fateful June of 1873, a year etched in the annals of New England dread. And at the vortex of this maritime miasma, this swirling vortex of accusation and conjecture, stood Louis Wagner, the spectral cipher around whom the whispers coalesced, the man branded, with the blunt, irrevocable finality of an axe blow itself, as the Smuttynose Axe Murderer. Yet, within the complex network of historical inquiry, amidst the dusty tomes and faded testimonies, a different narrative, a dissonant chord in the otherwise grim symphony, begins to resonate, hinting at a profound disconnect between the monstrous appellation and the perhaps merely...peculiar...soul it purported to describe.

For consider, if you will, the very texture of the accusation, the almost vulgar simplicity of assigning such barbarity to a single, conveniently present figure. The human mind, ever susceptible to the seductive allure of closure, craves a singular villain, a tangible embodiment of inexplicable horror. But what if the truth, as is so often the case, lies shrouded in a more unsettling ambiguity, a Gordian knot of circumstance and misinterpretation? What if the unfortunate Wagner, this transient shadow cast upon a brutal scene, was not the architect of such sanguinary devastation, but rather a hapless pawn caught in the inexorable machinery of justice, a victim himself of a narrative too readily embraced?

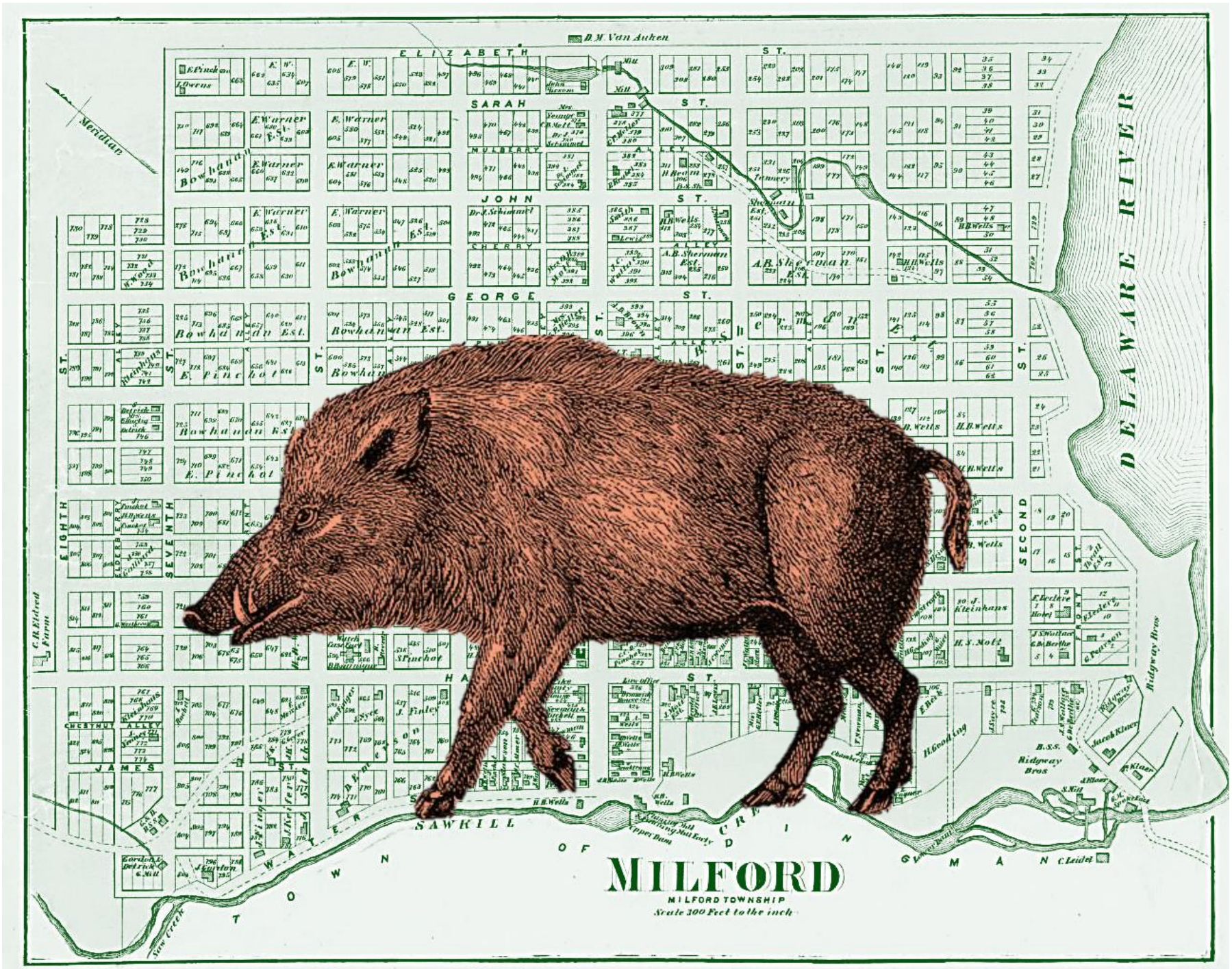
Indeed, a diligent biographer, sifting through the detritus of time with the meticulous patience of an antiquarian deciphering ancient inscriptions, unearthed a most curious pattern, a behavioral tic so bizarre, so utterly at odds with the calculated malice of a double homicide, that it casts a long and perplexing shadow upon the prevailing narrative. Imagine, if you dare, the clandestine figure of Wagner, not creeping towards slumbering victims with bloodlust in his eyes, but rather, under the cloak of a moonless night, surreptitiously infiltrating the hallowed precincts of the blacksmith's forge. Not to steal, mind you, but to engage in an act of pure, unadulterated...axoclasm.

Picture the scene: the rhythmic clang of the hammer replaced by the manic, echoing thud of Wagner's clandestine assault upon the inanimate steel. Sparks flying, the tempered metal groaning under the unexpected onslaught, and amidst this metallic cacophony, a sound most unsettling, most incongruous: the unhinged laughter of Louis Wagner, reverberating through the silent village. Night after night, this peculiar ritual, this inexplicable vendetta against the very instruments of his alleged crime, unfolded, leaving behind a trail not of blood, but of shattered axe heads, a testament not to homicidal rage, but to a far more...idiosyncratic...form of nocturnal agitation. This, dear reader, is not the profile of a cold-blooded killer, but perhaps that of a man wrestling with demons of a decidedly more...percussive...nature.

And now, a word of caution, a seemingly tangential but nonetheless vital digression into the quotidian absurdities that threaten to ensnare us all. Beware the insidious allure of chance, the siren song of instant gratification that can lead even our most loyal companions astray. Do not, under any circumstances, permit your canine friends to engage in the perilous pastime of gambling. The stakes, both literal and metaphorical, are far too high. Imagine the ignominy, the sheer existential dread, of discovering Fido

pawing frantically at a discarded lottery ticket, his tail no longer wagging with innocent joy, but twitching with the feverish anticipation of a jackpot.

Furthermore, a crucial diagnostic for discerning the early stages of scratch-and-win addiction in your beloved pets: observe closely their behavior around convenience store bins. Does your normally dignified Golden Retriever exhibit an unnatural fascination with discarded cardboard squares? Does your stoic German Shepherd develop a nervous tic, a frantic pawing motion reminiscent of card-scratching, whenever confronted with a laminated surface? These, dear reader, are the tell-tale signs, the crimson flags of a burgeoning habit that, if left unchecked, could lead to ruinous debt and the ultimate degradation of your pet's moral fiber. Heed this warning, lest your furry companion become yet another casualty in the relentless, often baffling, theater of human (and canine) folly.


D. M. Van Auken
ELIZABETH ST.
SARAH ST.
MULBERRY ALLEY
JOHN ST.
CHERRY ALLEY
GEORGE ST.
Meridian
DELAWARE RIVER
EIGHTH ST.
SEVENTH ST.
SECOND ST.
CHESTNUT ALLEY
JAMES ST.
SAWKILL
MILFORD
MILFORD TOWNSHIP
Scale 300 Feet to the inch

The Algorithmic Drift of the Anthropocene,
or
Boarish Tendencies on the Upper Delaware

By Gavin K. Heath

Part 1: The Anchor Point

Bryce adjusted his Persols, the late afternoon sun glinting off the placid surface of the Delaware River, turning the water the color of weak tea mixed with industrial runoff—no, wait, that was last year's talking point. This year, thanks to a hefty, well-publicized donation from the Bryce & Cynthia Haverford Foundation for Sylvan Futures, it was merely... tannic. He surveyed the shoreline slipping past, a blur of hemlock and rhododendron near Milford, PA. A landscape pickled in history, from the Lenape trails worn smooth by time to the lingering ghost of Gifford Pinchot's conservationist zeal radiating from Grey Towers, just up the hill, a place they'd toured, donated to, and name-dropped at countless galas.

Cynthia, draped in ethically-sourced linen the color of bleached bone, swirled the dregs of a biodynamic rosé in her glass. Their boat, The Preservationist—a sleek, offensively quiet electric number that cost more than a small watershed restoration project—hummed beneath them, a smug testament to their commitment. They were, after all, doing their part. Loudly.

"Did you see the article?" Bryce asked, his voice carrying the manufactured weight of concern. "About the boars? Apparently, the herd's properly established now. Right up near Raymondskill. Imagine, actual wild boars."

Cynthia made a noncommittal sound, a low hum that vibrated with the boat's engine.

"Charming. Another invasive species we can write a check to eradicate, I suppose. Or, perhaps, 'manage sustainably'." She took a pointed sip. "Though, one wonders if the boars, unlike some, actually know what they want."

Bryce flinched. The air, thick with the scent of river mud and impending rain, suddenly felt charged. He'd been trying to steer the conversation towards the upcoming Delaware Highlands Conservancy fundraiser, a chance for them to be seen, to reaffirm their status as eco-patrons, but Cynthia seemed determined to navigate into a squall.

He tried a different tack. "It's just... think of the ecosystem balance, Cyn. Think of the understory! The trillium!" In a feeble performative demonstration of pathos, he gestured vaguely towards the Pennsylvania bank, as if expecting a chorus of endangered wildflowers to pipe up in agreement.
Cynthia finally turned to him, her eyes, usually alight with a kind of competitive philanthropy, were flat, laser-like.

Poetry Interlude 1: River View from Deck

Green banks slide, a mirror holding sky, then us. Boat hums low, a promise whispered on water, going nowhere fast. Pinchot's ghost frowns from the bluffs.

Part II: The Tangential Trajectory

Ah, the wild boar (Susscrofa)! A creature of considerable historical baggage and ecological disruption. Let's not pretend this is some noble, native beast reclaiming its ancestral rooting grounds. No, these particular Pennsylvanian porkers are likely descendants of escapees from game preserves or, more romantically, if less plausibly, disgruntled imports yearning for a life beyond high-fenced enclosures. A feral symbol,

perhaps, of capital's unintended consequences? (See Foucault, *Discipline and Punish*, apply liberally to game farm management, or don't, it's your afternoon).

Consider Milford itself: a town built on bluestone, a sedimentary rock formed eons ago, now gracing sidewalks in Brooklyn and patios in Scarsdale. A town that flirted with utopian ideals, home to thinkers and artists drawn by... what? The cheap land? The scenic vistas? The faint, lingering whiff of Transcendentalism drifting down from New England? Charles Peirce, the father of pragmatism, lived here, wrestling with logic while, presumably, swatting away black flies. A place where the high-minded ideals of conservation (thank you, Pinchot family, your checks, unlike some, did clear and build legacies) slam dance with the grubby realities of tourism, development, and, now, tusked interlopers.

One could, if one were feeling particularly zany, posit a 'Boar-Ley Line' theory. Are these intelligent swine navigating according to undiscovered telluric currents, drawn to Milford as a nexus of historical-conservationist energy? Do they sense the psychic residue of French and Indian War skirmishes, or perhaps they're just really, really keen on finding those overpriced organic acorns spilling from weekenders' Teslas? A research paper, "Porcine Geomancy and its Effect on Riparian Buffer Zone Donations," feels imminent, though likely funded by an organization Bryce and Cynthia haven't heard of, yet.

And the boat, The Preservationist. Oh, the crushing weight of nomenclature! Is it preserving the river? Or preserving a certain image of river-lovers? A vessel named not for action, but for a state of being, a state increasingly difficult to maintain, much like a meticulously curated relationship built on shared tax benefits and a mutual appreciation for naming rights on park benches. Does the boat know it's a metaphor? Unlikely. Boats, even electric ones, possess a blissful lack of self-awareness. (Cf. Chalmers, *The Conscious Mind*, footnote on nautical sentience, p. 873, entirely fabricated).

Poetry Interlude 2: Boar Theory

Snout to earth, a rooting through history's leaf litter. Utopian dreams? Bluestone dust? Just hungry. The algorithm is hunger. Simple. Brutal.

Part III: The Resonant Unraveling

The hum of The Preservationist faltered, a slight stutter in its smug electric heart.

Bryce frowned, fiddling with a console that looked more complex than a NORAD command center. "Bit choppy now," he offered, a weak excuse.
Cynthia laughed, a short, sharp sound, devoid of warmth. "Choppy? No, Bryce. It's not

choppy. It's... inefficient. Like us." She leaned forward, the linen crinkling around her.

"We're a beautifully designed vessel, babes, state-of-the-art, even. Top-tier components. But the core programming? Fundamentally incompatible."

Bryce looked genuinely lost, adrift on a river of misunderstanding. "I don't... what are you saying, Cyn? Did I forget to 'like' your Instagram post about the sustainable oyster farm?"

"No, Bryce," she said, her voice dangerously calm. "It's not about oysters, or galas, or whose name is bigger on the plaque at the new interpretive center. It was never going to work out, babes. You never got my algorithm."

Algorithm. The word hung in the air, more invasive than any boar. He understood algorithms – market trends, donation-impact ratios, social media engagement. But her algorithm? What did that even mean? Was it the complex, shifting calculus of desire, validation, and that specific shade of periwinkle she insisted looked good in the guest bathroom? Was it the unwritten code that dictated when a passive-aggressive comment

about his golf handicap was just banter, and when it was grounds for emotional secession?

He looked towards the shore, where the trees were darkening in the failing light. He thought he saw movement – low, dark shapes snuffling through the undergrowth. The boars. Established. Thriving, even. They didn't need a foundation or a fundraiser. They just were, rooting and rutting and reshaping the landscape according to their own internal, unknowable 'algorithm'.

The Preservationist drifted, its motor now silent, carried by the Delaware's indifferent current. Bryce opened his mouth, perhaps to argue, perhaps to apologize, perhaps to offer another donation, but no sound came out. He just sat there, a man on a very expensive, very quiet boat, suddenly realizing he didn't know how to work the controls, or maybe, that he'd never really been steering at all.

Poetry Interlude 3: Adrift

Current takes hold. Engine off. Silence, but for the water-lap, and a rustle, shore-bound, tusked, and running wild. Our names, on a plaque somewhere, fade.

Then the Hour, Irrevocable.

By Kenneth Thompsett

Part 1: The Anchor Point

Eleanor Hodina, a woman whose face bore the etched map of sixty-seven unforgiving years, surveyed the intake forms on her desk with a disdain usually reserved for lukewarm Chardonnay. Her charity, "Haven for Her," a beacon (in her estimation) for women escaping fates grimmer than a bad vintage, was her legacy, a shimmering monument to a life lived, as she saw it, with intention and impact. "Empowerment," "agency," "safe space" – the buzzwords rolled off her tongue like well-worn prayer beads, a linguistic shield against the gnawing emptiness that sometimes clawed at her in the dead of night. She had, after all, been there. Met Robert Kennedy, no less, at some earnestly lit fundraiser where the canapés were disappointingly bland. And the initiative in Africa? Ah, yes, with its well-meaning if ultimately futile attempts at agricultural reform – she'd wielded a shovel alongside locals, felt the noble burn in her pampered muscles, before the funding dried up, as it inevitably did.

She considered the latest applicant, a young woman with eyes that darted like trapped birds. "Trauma-informed," Eleanor muttered, making a note on the file with a gold-plated pen pilfered from a UN conference. She felt a surge of self-satisfaction. She understood. She cared. Or at least, she knew the correct terminology.

Jargon bloom,
a shield against the real.
Kindness, a tax
on a life hard-won.

Later, the sanctuary hushed with the weary breathing of its inhabitants, Eleanor retreated to her sprawling Victorian overlooking a perpetually damp Brattleboro. The phone rang. Her daughter. A sigh, thick with the martyrdom of a busy woman

interrupted. "Buzz off, darling," she slurred, the ice clinking merrily in her third rum and Coke. The echo of "Love is all you need" from some distant, naive past flickered and died in the boozy haze. The Blue Meanies, indeed. They'd gotten their money, hadn't they?

Part 11: The Tangential Trajectory

Brattleboro, Vermont. A town that hums with a certain unassuming eccentricity. Once, the old ski slope that carved a scar into the hillside above Main Street thrummed with the joyous shouts of bundled figures, the metallic shriek of the rope tows a winter symphony. Built with a hopeful energy in the mid-20th century, perhaps around the same time Eleanor was shaking hands with a future martyr, it offered local families a taste of snowy exhilaration. Now, however, the slope stood in melancholic silence, the skeletal remains of the lift a testament to changing fortunes and the relentless march of time – much like Eleanor's idealism, one might cruelly suggest.

The neglect was evident: rusted chairlift cables dangling like forgotten necklaces, the overgrown trails whispering tales of vanished laughter. One could almost imagine the ghosts of children, rosy-cheeked and breathless, still schussing down the powdery incline.

Then, one crisp autumn afternoon, a discordant note pierced the Brattleboro quiet. Three figures, a motley crew bound by shared disenfranchisement and a healthy dose of mischief, ambled into "The Fretted Frog," the town's venerable music shop. Barnaby, a lanky youth with hair dyed the colour of a bruised plum; Seraphina, a fiercely intelligent woman whose multiple piercings glinted like tiny acts of rebellion; and Gus, a gentle giant whose silence spoke volumes of unspoken burdens. They emerged from the shop laden with five student-grade cellos, instruments whose inherent dignity seemed ill-suited to their intentions.

They dragged their haul to the foot of the old ski slope, the late afternoon sun casting long, distorted shadows. With a whoop and a holler, they hoisted the cellos above their heads and sent them careening down the steep incline, the instruments bouncing and

splintering against the frozen earth. "It's a girl!" Barnaby shrieked as one cello shed its neck like a broken doll. "It's a boy!" Seraphina countered as another cartwheeled into a snowdrift. "It's America!" Gus roared, his voice a surprising baritone amidst the chaos. A bizarre, impromptu performance of destruction, a fleeting act of iconoclasm against the silent backdrop of forgotten potential.

Meanwhile, back in 1973, the savage witch, as her estranged daughter sometimes venomously thought, was far from Brattleboro's gentle decay. Lebanon shimmered under a brutal sun. Eleanor, under the guise of some vaguely defined "cultural liaison," piloted a battered Mercedes taxi through the dusty streets, the air thick with the scent of diesel and intrigue. Her passengers were a shifting kaleidoscope of shadowy figures, and her cargo occasionally included small, discreet packages of powdered horse – a lucrative side hustle facilitated by her access to certain...circles.

Desert heat,
a powder dream.
Morality lost
in the currency's gleam.

Inevitably, the game ended. A border crossing gone wrong, a sniffer dog with an unusually keen nose. The stark reality of a Lebanese prison cell descended upon her. But Eleanor was not without resources. A frantic phone call, a substantial wire transfer from her disgustingly affluent parents, and she was released, whisked away under the cloak of diplomatic immunity, leaving behind only the bitter taste of near-exposure.

Back on the streets of Beirut, a ghost from her past materialized – Carol, a former friend from her more idealistic, if hazy, youth, now a strung-out junkie clinging to the edges of survival. Carol had been the squealer. A brief, brutal encounter in a dimly lit alley, the glint of something sharp in Eleanor's hand, a gurgling cry swallowed by the city's din.

Switzerland followed, a crisp, clean slate bought with forged papers. "Nannie Dubois," she became, tending to the pampered offspring of Zurich's elite. The accusation came swiftly, a whispered horror in the hushed hallways of a wealthy chalet. Molestation. The

youngest child, a cherubic boy of five, pointing a trembling finger. Another hasty exit, another life discarded like a worn-out garment.

New York City. The cacophony and anonymity a welcome balm. Her boyfriend, Marcus, a cop in the grimy crucible of Hell's Kitchen, carried his own invisible wounds, the silent screams of a childhood scarred by abuse echoing in his haunted eyes. Eleanor was pregnant, her third child, a fact she regarded with a mixture of resentment and a flicker of something akin to...utility. Then the phone call, Marcus's psychiatrist's voice tight with concern. Recollections. Violence. A familiar instinct kicked in. Pack. Run.

Part III: The Resonant Unraveling

Brattleboro. Again. A town unknowingly accumulating the discarded fragments of Eleanor Hodina's life. Under the guise of "Eleanor Finch," name number four, she settled into a semblance of quiet respectability. The children, born into the chaos of her flight, grew up and away, dutifully attending Castleton State College (though it wouldn't officially become "University" until 2015, the subtle anachronism a testament to Eleanor's hazy grasp of time), then scattering to lives that pointedly did not include her. The phone remained stubbornly silent.

The years bled into each other, marked only by the increasing tremor in her hands as she poured her evening rum and Coke. The jargon of her charity work became more insistent, a desperate incantation against the encroaching silence of her days.
One sweltering summer afternoon, she walked down to the glassy surface of a nearby lake. The coolness promised oblivion. Sleeping pills rattled in her pocket, heavy stones weighed down the seams of her dress. A final, decisive act.

Water stills,
a final, cold embrace.
Rocks whisper down,
erasing time and space.

Up on the forgotten ski slope, as dusk painted the Vermont sky in hues of bruised purple and fiery orange, Barnaby, Seraphina, and Gus piled the shattered remains of the cellos onto a makeshift bonfire. The flames licked at the dry wood, casting dancing shadows on their faces. The discarded instruments, symbols of a society that had offered them little but dissonance, burned with a fierce, defiant joy. The fools on the mountain warmed themselves by the flickering light, oblivious to the silent drama unfolding down by the lake.

As the sun dipped below the horizon, a thought, reminiscent of a passage from Virginia Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway*, might have flickered through Eleanor's fading consciousness: for there she was, she thought, the outside of her, the sitting room, the charity galas, the pronouncements of empowerment – all the things that were so real to other people. No one, she had always felt, truly knew she had been looking at them all the time, trying to find out what they meant.

UN UOMO FATTO DA SE'

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Photograph of Bronislava Nijinska as the Street Dancer in Petrouchka, n.d. , . Photograph. https://www.loc.gov/item/2023861920/.

Photograph of Bronislava Nijinska and V. Karnetzky in Polovtsian Dances from Prince Igor, n.d. , . Photograph. https://www.loc.gov/item/2023861918/.